

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 17.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

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DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

A REVIEW OF PASSING EVENTS IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

What is Going on in Commercial, Financial, Social and Sporting Circles.

Another week of general quiet has just passed. St. John seems destitute of sensation of any kind just at present. This season of the year is always flat, so far as business is concerned, and so many people are out of town that there is no chance of anything unusual happening. As the season approaches for fall trade to commence, the merchants become even more hopeful than they were a few weeks ago. Reports from all sections of the country are more encouraging than had been expected, and the prospect is that business, if it does not boom, will be very much better than it has been since 1883. The improved feeling in the city is based on the reports of excellent crops of every kind in all parts of the country. Money still remains scarce in St. John, and owing to the limited circulation will remain so for some months to come. It is a matter of general comment that while business is even better than last year money is much scarcer. This is probably due to the banks refusing to take new accounts thus compelling the small dealers who formerly kept their accounts with Macellan & Co. to pay out the cash they receive as rapidly as they get it. There is plenty of employment in St. John and no one who really wants to work need be long without it. The most exciting event of the week has been the alleged departure from the city of Mr. Charles Olive, clerk in the custom house. Mr. Olive has been for a number of years clerk in the long room of the custom house, and was noted for his geniality. He was quite popular, but according to report was not a good manager of his financial affairs. He made a trip to Boston recently, and as a result got into trouble with one of his creditors. On Thursday morning he did not report for duty and was not at work yesterday. It is reported that he has gone to the land of the free and the home of the brave. He vacated an excellent position, for which no doubt there are numerous applicants. The majority of horsemen of the province went to Bangor last week to attend the fair and horse races now held annually at that place. It is a great pity we could not have some such institution in St. John. Something that would attract people to this city every year and cause the circulation of a large amount of money. There is no such fair in the Maritime Provinces and St. John might as well have it as not. Our exhibitions have always paid well and if they were held often would pay quite as well. We have the buildings now, and all that would have to be

provided would be the money for the prize list and the expenses of management. The great fairs of the West are self-supporting and there is not the slightest doubt that ours would be also. It is a pity that we have no race track in connection with the exhibition grounds, but there is a track within easy distance of the city. There are now a number of good horses in the provinces, as was demonstrated by the performances of Yorktown and Golden Maxim at Bangor; and with such a noble sire as Harry Wilkes we ought in a short time to have even better horses than we have now. Social circles are very dull, many prominent people are out of town, and about the only stir in a social way has been a number of private picnics at the Bay Shore. These are very enjoyable affairs, and although of comparatively recent growth have attained great popularity among fashionable people. Sometimes picnics are held for ladies only, the sterner sex being prohibited, but it is said to the credit of the ladies that they are not often so selfish.

Base Ball.

That base ball has a firm hold on the people of St. John was clearly proved by the large, fashionable and enthusiastic attendance at the games of Monday and Tuesday last between the Socials of Halifax and Nationals. Our people like good ball and will pay to see it every time. They are liberal in their applause for every good play, whether made by a visitor or one of the home club. There is one thing, however, they do not like, and that is "funny business" in the field. They pay to see good, earnest ball playing, and as long as the club plays a hard game they will be perfectly satisfied whether the club wins or loses, but careless, indifferent playing they will not tolerate. The games were full of brilliant plays on both sides, the visitors on the second day doing some splendid work in the field. There is no doubt that the Socials have fine a battery in Davidson and Grierson, while their weak point is probably their batting. The Nationals have improved in their coaching and base running, but there is still lots of room for improvement. Where all played so well it would be wrong to make particular mention of any one player, but there is no doubt about Warlock being a genuine acquisition to the team, increasing in a marked degree the vim and snap so necessary to success. It is a pleasure to see him hunt the ball and then put it to rest. The games were marked by the best of friendly feeling and it is safe to say that there is no club the Nationals would lose a game to with as little regret as the Socials.

M. KELLY.

May Sharpstein is a little girl of seven who is heiress to one million dollars. She inherits the money from her late father, who was a member of the wealthy firm of Arnold, Constable & Co., of New York city.

TIPS FOR THE GIRLS.

Some of the Newest Wrinkles in the Latest Fashions.

The most admired bathing dress that has appeared at Long Branch this year was brought out on the pretty figure of a Philadelphia girl. It was of cream-white boating flannel, scalloped out at the bottom in the shape of grape-leaves, above which were bunches of grapes, tendrils, and stems in embroidery. The leaves were shaded green, the grapes were purple, and the skeleton leaves were veined with threads. The stockings were cream white, with ankles of shaded violet, dark at the foot and getting paler as they went up. A straw hat had grape leaves and grapes twined around it. She had given to the artificial leaves and fruit three coats of copal varnish and could go into the water all summer without shedding the dye. As a sample specimen of a single lady's—or rather of one married lady's—wardrobe, a correspondent refers to that credited to Mrs. William Laytin, of New York, who, with her husband, has recently arrived at Saratoga. It is rumored that the wardrobe of this pretty demi-monde consists of two hundred costly and elegant toiles. Seventy-five are for out-door wear, with parasols, haws fans, gloves, and boots to correspond. Some of these costumes are said to have cost the fabulous sum of fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars each—real old black and white thread laces, real round point, duchesse, and Irish point laces. Her jewels are also pronounced superb.

Apocryph of the hops at Saratoga, the most remarkable feature of them is the magnificent, wonderful display of priceless jewels. Diamonds prevail, and diamonds you see everywhere. They glitter and dazzle the eyes at every turn. In the hair, all over the necks, ears, arms and fingers, on the corsages, even as buttons on sleeves they are to be seen. Many millions would not be too extravagant a figure at which to value the collection of diamonds at some of the hops in the most fashionable of the hotels. It is useless to wear jewels there, unless one be a plutocrat. The ordinary five hundred dollar affair seems as penny and commonplace compared with the average stone worn, as a rhinestone would compare with it. There was a quadrille set at the hop at the States the other night in which there were four young ladies representing the comfortable sum of twenty millions of dollars. All young and charming girls, and not one engaged! Add there are many more there like them. Rather a rich field for the professional fortune hunter, one would think. Fat that species of mankind seems to meet little encouragement at Saratoga.

The newest tennis freak is for a number of girls, who are in the habit of playing in the same party, or who expect to spend any part of the summer at the same hotel or mountain house, to have their gowns made in the same style and in harmonious though different colors.

Of a half-dozen aspirants to the honors of the racket, one gets herself up in sea-foam green, for instance, and the second in pale-pink. Numbers three and four make themselves charming in blue and old-rose, and five and six are attired in lavender and golden-brown. Sateen and the cotton fabrics are the foundation of these outdoor dresses on sateen, and the effect is quaint and picturesque; though the modern touches of the outfit, with the competition in cut and fit, decidedly weaken the advantages of the game. For tennis hats everything is in order this summer, from a Tam o' Shanter to a sailor hat or a rough straw flat heaped with wild flowers and turned up behind. The latest addition to the tricycling outfit is what appears to be a simple knitted skirt, but which is really a copy of the English divided skirt laid in kilts overlapping one another. The garment has never been used in America until this summer, but it is the easiest of any costume yet tried for wheeling purposes. Some women wear draped skirts over it, but that is not necessary. As a rule, wheelwomen take to very scant skirts, cut after the manner of the narrow cloth gowns of twenty years ago. These do not blow into active exercise either. The divided skirt is better. The only imperative to avoid in dressing for the wheel is to dress for any athletic exercise is ruined the minute she begins to consult a modiste about it.

At the summer hotel—Mrs. A. to Mrs. B.—Did you see Mrs. C. eat her pie with her knife? How vulgar!
Mrs. A.'s little daughter Edith—Mamma, she will have her fingers as dirty.

God's Rain.

(Written for the "Gazette.")

Softly falls the gentle rain
On the sun-parched ground,
Striking on the ripening grain
Up vegetation's sound;
Bidding every golden ear
Raise its drooping head—
Bringing back the beauty
Of flowers almost dead!

Soon again Dame Nature's face
Wears its happy smile
For her children now revived,
That were dead the while.
See! The clouds begin to break,
The blue sky shines tonight,
And the flowers lift their heads
The bright sun to view!

So where sorrow, like the rain,
Falls upon the pain,
All its fibres throbb with pain,
While the tear-drops start;
But, as when the rain is o'er
The flowers lift their face,
So does sorrow train the heart
In its walk in grace.

And the Son of Righteousness
Rising after rain,
Gathers from the ripened heart
Holy, heavenly grain
For his garner in the skies;
Where, with all the blest,
We, his waiting children, hope
Soon to be at rest.

ALICE OAKLEY.

ABOUT THE MARKET.

ROUNDER TAKES IN THE COUNTRY MARKET.

He Has Not Much to Say this Time, But Will Have More on Another Occasion.

Why is it that so many young people visit the country market on Saturday nights? Go in there any Saturday evening and you will find the aisles crowded with a lot of young men and women who seem to have nothing better to do than to jostle each other and crowd actual purchasers into a corner or against the tables. About one-tenth of the people who visit the market are there merely for the purpose of seeing who else is there besides themselves. They buy nothing; do not even look at the produce offered for sale, save when the crush is so great they are compelled to halt and look about them. Besides those who walk through there is a constant crowd of loungers who seem to enjoy the odors of stale cabbage united to that of meat too long hung. I often go into the market on Saturday nights to buy something for my Sunday dinner, and I have become accustomed to seeing the same faces there every Saturday night. There are two girls in whom I am particularly interested; not because I know who they are, for I do not, but because of the manner in which they walk down the main aisle. They invariably have hold of each other's arm, sometimes looking ahead, at others over their shoulders, and always commenting on what they see and hear. Any peculiarity of dress on the part of some one they pass is criticized in language more forcible than elegant. They swear occasionally when some clumsy pedestrian treads on the tails of their dresses or jostles them too hard. What these girls do for a living I cannot say, but that they have some employment is beyond question, as they are never visible in their day time. Saturday night is the only time I see them on the streets, and then they remain out quite late, often until midnight. There are numerous other queer people who frequent the market on the same nights, but my interesting couple of girls, to use a strong phrase, take the whole bakery for cheek. They are not bad looking, either, and as they are still young they may improve through the market, the jostling and crowding to the contrary notwithstanding. One sees a strange gathering of peculiar characters, and if he knows the province at all can easily distinguish between a Kings County man and a Jemsegger. They all possess peculiarities of language which enables the travelled man to tell exactly from what district bagels and nutton come from. Besides, the goods they offer for sale are another index of the nativity of the seller. Every man who does business in the market has some queer way of telling the merits of the articles he has for sale. Now-a-days dress does not count for much in deciding where a man comes from. Formerly the cut of the homespun jumper was as sure an index of the locality in which it was made as a photograph of the school house on the hill or the church in the valley would be. Farmers now though wear store clothes and come to town as well dressed as the city folks one meets in the market Saturday night are.

I think the Saturday night markets are declining from what they were. Saturday used to be the great pay day in St. John, and every working man went to the market to buy his meats and vegetables. Now many of the concerns employing a large number of work people, pay on Monday, Thursday and Friday so that instead of the evening being the great market time the family buying is done in the mornings. But enough people are still paid late on Saturday to make a large trade in the market, and in consequence hundreds of buyers go there to make their purchases. I do not know nor can I form any idea of how much money changes hands on a Saturday night in the market alone, but I should imagine that it would total up to over \$1,000, and if the whole days sales were made up it would be often twice that amount. The people who know the ins and outs of the trade of the market have a monetary interest in keeping their knowledge to themselves, and consequently it is difficult to obtain exact information. The market is one of the sights of the city. Indeed, it is one of the greatest attractions, and should be visited by everybody who cares to know all the peculiarities of a people. We have many queer ways in little things, and these are brought out more prominently in the market than elsewhere. At some future time when I have more space at my disposal I will have something to add to what has been said on the market.

ROUNDER.

An American Adventurer in London.

(Mrs. Lucy Hooper in Philadelphia Telegraph.)
There was an American adventurer in London during the present season who avenged some of the wrongs inflicted by the English traveller on long-suffering American society. The lady in question was young and handsome and presumably wealthy. She came to London early in the spring, accompanied by a lovely young sister, and also, it was said, by an invalid husband. Nobody ever saw the latter. He was said to be in such wretched health that he never left his own room, even to take his meals. The lady took a house in the most fashionable quarter of London, entertaining superbly, and was very much admired. The pretty sister became engaged to a young American gentleman, who was a resident of London. Then the wife, with her invalid and invisible husband, went off to the continent for the benefit, it was said, of the gentleman's health. From that trip the lady returned shrouded in crape and overwhelmed with grief. The dear sufferer, she declared, had expired soon after they had started on their travels. The impeccable wife-hunters of England were beginning to look with interest on the fair and wealthy widow when—something happened. Nobody knew exactly what, but the house in Belgravia was given up and the young sister's betrothed broke off his engagement and the ladies disappeared like snowflakes beneath the sunshine. Then the true solution of the riddle was whispered about the London clubs and drawing rooms. The sisters were two accomplished and daring adventuresses. The invalid husband had never existed. Neither of the ladies had ever been legally married, and the wealth of the elder one had sprung from a source easier to imagine than to describe.

Peculiar Actions of Drowning Persons.

(From the Detroit Tribune.)
"I believe I can tell just by the clutch how many times a drowning person has been down," musingly remarked Edward Horn, of the ferry company, and the man who has saved sixty-four lives. "The first trip down they go for you with a firm, decided clutch that means they still know what they are about. The second immersion causes a shaky, uncertain grip, which can be easily broken if you so choose. It is the last time down that the grasp becomes a convulsive, bewildered one, and but few swimmers can save a person after the unfortunate man has descended for the third time. Almost invariably the drowning man on his final journey below the water will seize his preserver by the legs. It seems to be a law of nature and one I cannot account for. It would be easier to save a whole river full of men than one drowning woman. The odd feature of the latter's struggle in the water is that she will seize your hands if she can get hold of one or both of them. A woman will drown quicker than a man. She opens her mouth from the time she first strikes the water and never closes it, and so loses her senses more easily. Yes, I saw one person die of strangulation while we were under water together. His eyes were wonderfully fascinating as he stared helplessly at me. You may not believe it, but they shone like two balls of fire."

In a Nut Shell.

Some men get down on their neighbors when they find they can't come up to them. Domestic sketches are usually made up of bones of contention. Rider Haggard, the novelist, speaks of "a cold gleam of happiness." Does he mean ice cream on a hot August night? A farmer at a circus is like one of his own products, he is specked tatar. Military titles are common in the South, but no young man can obtain a higher appellation than captain until he is over twenty-one. It is impossible to make a major out of a minor. The fisherman has no difficulty in making both ends meet when he catches an eel. It must be very hard on a man who has been a toper all his life, to find a watery grave. Carl says, "A man who sings at his work is a good man." Maybe so. But we have noticed in the case of the mosquito, that when he sings a serenade to you at night, it is after your blood.

NEGLECTFUL TEACHERS.

"It is so strange," remarked a Western girl who was visiting Boston. "I notice that even some of the little children say 'cawn't' and 'shawn't,' and 'eyether' and 'neyether.' Don't they have public schools in Boston?"
"Certainly."
"Well, I should think the teachers would tell them better."

Look out for next week's Saturday Gazette.

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DOM PEDRO IN PARIS.

AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT'S INTERVIEW WITH AN EMPEROR.

The Amiable Ruler of Brazil Still Pursuing Knowledge and Making Friends Everywhere—Kindly Recollections of Our Centennial Exhibition.

I nudged some one in the back and asked which was Dom Pedro. The individual thus accosted turned to me with a glance of astonishment and indicated a tall, broad shouldered man, a little on the plan of Abraham Lincoln. I proceeded to study that man. His hair was silver white, as well as his long full beard, and he was dressed very simply in black, without the slightest mark to distinguish him from any one else. He received standing, and the order of business appeared to be to kiss the back of his hand, say a few words and back off. I moved along slowly with the others, waiting my turn, and meantime turned my attention to the emperor. I have heard since then that the emperor got sadly taken in when he selected her for his better half, and I believe it. They say that she was a Neapolitan princess and that he married her by proxy on the strength of a beautiful photograph which had been sent him, and of course when she arrived in Brazil he found after the ceremony that she was not only not beautiful but lame it was too late to do anything. Theresa Christina Maria is a sort of triangular woman, i. e., she begins at the bottom with very broad flowing skirts and tapers upwards to a small pointed head, surmounted by a little black cap, which is profusely decorated with roses in pink, yellow and red. I decided to devote myself to the emperor, who was now quite close to me. I nudged the man ahead of me again, and he did not appear to like it. However, as he was not the emperor I had no hesitation in nudging him a little.

GREAT MEN OF FRANCE. "That long haired thin faced man who has just kissed the emperor's hand," began my new made friend, "is Ravaissou, the philosopher, and one of the curators of the Louvre museum. That tall spare individual, with a black wig, sallow complexion and Indian features—that is Hervey, editor of the Soleil and member of the French academy. He is one of the Count of Paris' chief advisers and fugitives. You see by the way my friend, he kisses the emperor's hand and salutes the emperor that he is accustomed to being in the presence of royalty. Contrast Hervey's graceful movements with the awkward air of Prime Minister Rouvier, who is just coming up to Dom Pedro. There is De Lessens, saying nothing but things to the emperor. How heartily she is laughing. But the old count is aging rapidly. His mind is as young as ever, but don't you see how shaky his legs are getting, especially the right one?"

And so my neighbor talked on, while I was interested in this passing scene before me the greatest men of France that that I did not notice that I was at last right next to the emperor. I began to feel nervous about what I should say to him. But as necessity is the mother of invention here I struck by a bright idea. When my turn came I stepped forward, and, mustering up my whole stock of coo-ees, I remarked in very quiet English (all the others had spoken in French): "I suppose your excellency has quite forgotten me, but I had the honor of meeting you when you were in the United States."

Scarcely had this little introductory speech escaped my lips, when I remembered that at the time of Dom Pedro's visit to America I must have been about 13 years old! However, I had the conversation started, and that was something.

"What name?" inquired my imperial interlocutor in very bad English. "Moffett, sir," I answered carelessly, quite ashamed of having at first addressed his majesty as simply "your excellency." But Dom Pedro didn't seem to mind this faux pas. In fact it appeared to me that he rather liked this evidence of "democratic simplicity."

A TWO MINUTES' CHAT. "Yes, I have forgotten you," he continued, in a very kindly tone, holding my hand all the time in his own, which put me quite at my ease, and immediately awakened in me much admiration for the fatherly and unpretentious "rule of men." "Yes, your name has escaped my mind. But tell me what are you doing in Paris?"

"Writing for English and American newspapers," I answered, frankly. "Ah," he said, with a little surprise, as if he scented an interview of some kind. "I am interested in your country, but unfortunately I cannot speak English with any fluency, or you perceive. No nervous pas phrases!"

"Oh," I quickly replied, quite forgetting to add any title to my name, "I thought of really having gained my point and at perceiving that his imperial majesty was quite willing to talk."

"Tell your countrymen for me," the emperor continued in French, "that I can never forget the visit which I made to the United States at the time of your grand Centennial exhibition. The many courtesies then shown to me are still fresh in my memory. Everywhere I went I took careful notes of all that I saw and heard, and as I traveled considerably and met most of your leading statesmen, authors, scholars and scientists, you will readily perceive that this record must be valuable. I cannot tell you how precious this journal is to me. Sometimes, even at this late day, I can sit with pleasure and profit. For instance, on my recent voyage from Rio Janeiro to Europe I took it out and thus whiled away many an hour that would otherwise have been long and profitless on shipboard."

"And when may we expect the pleasure of another visit, sire?" I put in to keep the conversation a-going. "I am not sure yet whether I shall go to the United States this trip or not," was the answer. "I should like to, however, for I entertain the warmest and pleasantest recollections of the great republic."—Cleveland L. Moffett in Philadelphia Times.

Life in House Boats. Since Londoners discovered the River Thames and began to live upon it in house boats, it has been found necessary to invent a costume for it, for your young gent Englishman cannot do anything unless in a dress intended especially for it. Ordinary yachting suits will not quite do for the river, for which something less formal and more suggestive of home stay is necessary, and so it is in a shirt waist and a rather plain skirt that the Cockney maiden goes forth a-rowing.—Boston Transcript.

THE PICTURESQUE PAVANE.

A Revival from the Ball Rooms of Bygone Times—How It is Danced.

The pavane is to be the next revival from the ball rooms of the bygone times. To dance in character, the performers should wear Louis XIII dresses, with their large puffed sleeves and wide vandyked lace turned back from the shoulders and drooping over the arms. The overdress and petticoat would not be any novelty in these days of Louis XV gowns and the lace wired high at the back of the neck would be becoming to many and by no means a startling innovation. The style of hair, however, would be rather trying. The coiffure of that period was perfectly flat on the top. The back hair was arranged around a comb, while a thick bunch of curls hung over either ear, concealing both. The buckled or rosetted shoes, with curled, high heels, are familiar enough to us all.

The men's dress is sufficiently picturesque, with silk stockings, ruffled shoes, knee breeches ending in a fall of rich lace and tied with ribbons at the knees, tight jacket of silk or velvet, with slashed sleeves and a high collar, and a pair of long lovelocks are inseparably connected in our minds with a later period of our own island history.

The dance itself is a graceful one, with much sinuous turning and twisting of the dancers, many deep steps, deep courtesies and pretty pointed toe brought up to the recover. The music is in triple time, like that of the minuet, and the remarkable feature in the dance is the starting off of two out of each four couples to the very end of the room in the minuet step, and their slow dance back again to place themselves vis-a-vis to the other two couples. Immediately after the latter set off on a similar expedition, returning to their original positions. This preliminary center concluded, the real business of the dance begins, strangely enough, by scattering the four couples to the very extremities of the room.

Brought together again in the center, still holding hands, they content themselves with a more limited space, ranging themselves as though for a quadrille. The thin pretty one, but one in which men in modern costume would probably feel themselves to be ridiculous. Each gentleman meets with one lady, his sword well out at the back, his right hand resting—palm upward—on his right knee. Each lady, taking a scrap of her overdress in each hand, sets off with the left foot and glides coquettishly in front of the partner opposite her own in a diagonal direction.

Then the men rise, lady and cavalier making each other a low reverence, the whole four couples in the same moment. Much of the beauty of this figure consists in the courtesy being made exactly simultaneously by the eight dancers. This is the only point in which the dancers at the costume ball failed in their gait. Some of them were rising after their low bow at the moment when others were making the descent. This reverence over, the cavaliers go down again on one knee, while the ladies dance off, each arriving before her very own partner, when there are fresh courtesies, the men rising and giving their right hands to the ladies, who pivot on them, and the hands being supported by the other arm of their partners, which is passed round their waist.

In the last figure the four dancers form a circle by taking hands and then letting go, but still holding the arms raised high in the air, each couple turns to each other with a step to the right and then one to the left, repeating this double movement four times. After this the couples stand ranged behind the first and dance off out of the room by a door on the opposite side to that by which they danced into it.—London Society.

Started by a Pepper Corner.

Corners in various articles of merchandise, and especially of food, from wheat and pork to prunes, are characteristic of the business methods of the present day. But the most recent and the most profitable of these is the invention of the famous East India company, according to a document recently published, had its origin in a Dutch corner in pepper. The London merchants thereupon held a meeting and resolved to form an association to trade directly with India. Queen Elizabeth at the same time sent an envoy to the Great Mogul to secure privileges for the company, and in 1600 the first British East India company was incorporated by royal charter under the title of the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies. In due time this company established a greater monopoly, and the Dutch had ever dreamed of, and the British empire in India may be said to have been started by the Dutch pepper corner.—Philadelphia Times.

The Beggars of Lisbon.

Begging and all the forms incident to it is a perfect pest in Lisbon. The masses of the Portuguese are well adapted for the woful lamentations which in tones to melt a heart of stone. Mendicancy is a profession over which these beggars are master, and no tragedian has stultified his part than have these wretches the part they depict. Little children, and some of them beautiful, are placed about the different places of amusement by some old crone who has hired them, and for a mere pittance the little address wails forth her cry for a penny. The day over, the child carries her mites to the brute who is her master. After nightfall, women with their features covered, will quietly approach you from the shadow of some tree or doorway and solicit alms. They claim to be of respectable birth and station, driven by extenuating circumstances to ask assistance of strangers, yet too modest or proud to expose their features.—Lisbon Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Lord Eldon's Murder Case.

I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder trials. I remember in one where I was counsel for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who swore that the murdered man had been killed by a shot in the head, and he produced the matted hair and a quantity of blood taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought, and the blood was gradually softened a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun—which proved to be half a ball. The doctor had found in the prisoner's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.—Boston Free Press.

UNREST.

All day upon the garden bright the sun shines strong. But in my heart there is no light, nor any song. Voices of merry life go by adown the street. But I am weary of the cry and drift of feet. With all dear things that ought to please the hours are best. And yet my soul is ill at ease and cannot rest. Strange spirit, leave me not too long, nor stint to give. For if my soul have no sweet song it cannot live. —A. Lampanin in Lippincott's.

THE USE OF PARATRIPTICS.

Physiological Reasons for the Cravings Common to the Human Race. It will be conceded, we think, that whatever is of universal use, or nearly so, must have some quality of value to induce such use. Food, clothing, shelter, are universal use, not for any inherent quality they possess, but because of their value to the users. Their universal use proves their value to the human family, and the antiquity of their use demonstrates the continuity of human nature, and a whole in all these things there has been no change. There has been development and civilization and evolution, but we today go into a house when it rains for precisely the same reason that the primitive man sought his cave. We eat when we are hungry and sleep when we are tired for just the same reasons that he did. Applying the same reasoning to the question of human nature, that will readily admit of continuity of use are in our favor. It is about 200 years since tea and coffee were brought into Europe, and hundreds of millions of tons of them are annually used the world over. Tobacco was taken from America to England in the Fifteenth or Sixteenth century, and now for each human being existing on the globe five pounds are yearly demanded. Wine, too, or some equivalent stimulant, has been universally adopted, and its pristine use is lost in the mists of antiquity. No nation, barbarous or civilized, was ever found without some such substitute for food, and every nation of which we have any knowledge has seized with the greatest avidity upon the pleasures of the kind within certain bounds.

There must be some physiological reason for such phenomena, for a desire and a craving common to the human race. Man has not chosen these things because they afford him pleasure or enjoyment, or because they do him any good, or because. Their adoption into general use must be sought in the fact that they meet some want in human life, and a better solution of the problem can be found than in the fact that their use prevents waste in the body, so that, by their help, man can do more work with less body waste, and endure more privation with a smaller amount of food.

If the opposite of paratriptics are right in their conclusions, the average duration of life should have greatly shortened since the introduction of them, and the contrary, statistics distinctly show that it has lengthened. Besides, they should be able to find numerous individual instances where life has been abbreviated by their use; but, unfortunately for their position, such cases are in a hopeless minority. That the introduction of paratriptics from inquiries into the effects of tobacco, a celebrated English physician found in the pension hospitals of England 150 men over 80 years of age. Fifteen of them were over 90 and four were over 100. These formed the remnant of the armies of England, and of these survivors all but two had been consumers of tobacco all their lives.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The First of the Drummers.

Daniel R. Wolf, of Chambersburg, says he is the first commercial traveler who ever went the round in 1841. He went to Philadelphia as a salesman with the dry goods house of Dunton, Gemmill & Co. It was then that he first saw Mr. Wolf, and I suggest to the firm the idea of sending some one among the country merchants to drum up trade. "Who will be the drummer?" asked one of the firm. "I will," I replied, and they sent me on. This was the origin of the term "drummer," by which all traveling salesmen are now known. I went on the road and solicited trade among the merchants of southern and central Pennsylvania and New Jersey. For five years I carried no samples, filling my customers' orders from samples provided by themselves. In 1849 it struck me all of a sudden that this was necessarily keeping my trade limited, and that if I carried a line of samples of my own I could introduce new goods and more of them. I sent to the firm and showed them that the samples were coming from the wrong end of the line, and they saw the point and furnished me with samples. From that day dates the custom of carrying samples by drummers. Mr. Wolf has been constantly on the road ever since his pioneer trip among the country merchants, and at the age of 47 he carried a line of samples of my own in Philadelphia.—Philadelphia News.

Effects of Tip Receiving.

No man or woman can regularly indulge in the practice of receiving tips from strangers without becoming in spirit as well as in fact a beggar. It degrades the receiver more than the giver, and it will breed a class in this country like the lower classes of Europe. It is told of Senator Thurman that when asked if he had met Prince Bismarck he replied that he was extremely sorry that he had not, because he did want to meet one person in Europe who was not waiting for him to hand over a shilling.

We laugh at that now, but we won't laugh pretty soon, because it will be equally applicable to this country. I am fully aware that people who think as I do will not combine against the system, but will weakly yield, and in the end it will be as firmly rooted in Philadelphia as in London. The poor will not gain by it and they will lose immensely in self respect. It will create a class whom you may kick if you are willing to pay for it, a class no better than slaves; a cringing, sneaking, low lived class; a class that will disgrace the name of American citizen.—"Observer" in Philadelphia Call.

The Mosquito Wonderfully Beautiful.

It ought to console people who are bitten this summer by the mosquito to be told by a scientist that the mosquito is wonderfully beautiful. "Place one," he says, "under a microscope. Adjust your lenses. Now place your eye to the eye piece. Presto! The tiny dirt colored speck has vanished, and in its place appears the most radiant and gorgeous creature which the mind can conceive of. The wings are of pale amber, the legs and thorax magenta, the body dark green, the eyes purple and black and glittering like diamonds, the proboscis shining like ebony. Compared with this picture of magnificence, the decoration the brightest and most vivid of the painters' pigments are muddy."—Philadelphia Call.

A. G. BOWES & Co.,

21 Canterbury Street.

SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN FOR THE DUCHESS RANGE.



Call and examine it.

At 21 Canterbury Street, corner Church.

CUTLERY

AND

Plated Ware

OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,

Market Square.

JOHN WHITE,

93 TO 97 CHARLOTTE STREET.

A VERY FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Willow Chairs, Splint Chairs, Easy Chairs,

Davenport Desks, Children's Chairs, Etc.

JOHNSON'S

FOR INTERNAL

AND

EXTERNAL USE.

ANODINE

AND THE

LINEMENT

THE MOST WONDERFUL

FAMILY REMEDY

EVER KNOWN.

RHEUMATISM.

A WONDERFUL CURE!

Messrs. HASTINGS BROS:

Early in February, 1885, while in St. John, N. B., I had a severe attack of Rheumatism, was treated by an eminent Physician and with great care was enabled to come home in about two weeks time, after which time I grew worse and suffered dreadfully. We did everything we could to control the disease and get relief, and various kinds of liniments, including Minard's and Electric Oil, I then had good medical advice and treatment which at times afforded temporary relief, but the disease lurked in my system and shifted from one side to the other, in fact it permeated by whole being. For more than two months I was unable to get to my room or retire without assistance. I chanced to see an advertisement of your "Anodine" ointment of wonderful cures. I procured a package and when I received it my limbs were much swollen, my feet and ankles were purple, and so swollen that they were shapeless. After four days of the internal medicine and three applications of the ointment, the swelling had all disappeared. In five days the Rheumatism had completely gone, could walk about as well as ever I did. Have had no return of the disease since having passed through the autumn and winter to this date, January 5th, 1886, with its climate change. I can recommend your "Anodine" and hope that all who are affected with that most painful disease Rheumatism, will not hesitate to give "Anodine" a trial. Any person wishing to know more of the particulars, or desiring this statement given in full, can write to Mrs. W. H. Moore, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N. B., who will cheerfully give them all information. MRS. W. H. MOORE, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N. B.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

GRAND OFFER.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE WILL

BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE

UNITED STATES OR CANADA FOR

THE NEXT THREE MONTHS FOR

25 CENTS IN ADVANCE.

This Offer remains open for one Month

until September 15th.

LOOK! PRICE REDUCED.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

Can now be purchased from all Newsdealers in the City, Portland and the other Cities and Towns in the Province at TWO CENTS A SINGLE COPY.

The Annual Subscription has been reduced to ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Special Terms to Clubs. Send for Particulars.

AGENTS WANTED IN ALL PARTS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Canterbury street.

JOHN A. BOWEN, Editor and Manager. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPR 3, 1887.

The Saturday Gazette is the only Saturday paper in the Maritime provinces, devoted exclusively to family and general matters.

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.00 per annum; 50 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome.

Advertisements will find THE GAZETTE an excellent medium for reaching their customers in all parts of the three provinces.

Advertisers desiring changes, to ensure insertion of their favors in THE GAZETTE of the current week will be obliged to have their copy at the office of publication by Thursday noon.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A YEAR or two ago the common council proposed to light the city by electricity, and invited tenders, but did not accept any.

Some of the city engine houses are badly in need of repairing; particularly the flooring of No. 3 company's house.

The drinking fountain at the head of King street is anything but ornamental and for several weeks it has not even been useful as the water has been off.

Thousands of dollars have been wasted on the streets of this city. For years much money was spent every year in repairing the gravel sidewalks.

But the cost of laying the city with wooden roadways is more than the people can at present stand.

It is hinted that bonds are to be sold to pay for the re-paving of Prince William street.

Between now and next spring the council should determine which is the best course to pursue.

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LOOK!

IGNATIUS DONNELLY'S forthcoming work on the authorship of Shakespeare is likely to cause a lively controversy.

Several citizens have complained to me that the collars they purchased for their dogs a few weeks ago have already been stolen.

LYING CORRESPONDENTS.

Four-fifths of all the European news, but particularly that portion of it dealing with English and Irish affairs published on this side of the Atlantic is a tissue of falsehoods.

OUR CITY STREETS.

Thousands of dollars have been wasted on the streets of this city. For years much money was spent every year in repairing the gravel sidewalks.

ANNEXATIONISTS AND PERSONS WHO ARE CONTINUALLY DECRYING THIS COUNTRY.

A heavy storm passed over Fayette township last night. While it was in progress Amos J. Biggs, a trustworthy farmer, went into his back yard to frighten away some fighting cats.

TO M. E. L.

Cousin mine, we meet again After many years— Years of mingled joy and pain, Happy smiles and tears!

TO M. E. L.

Now once more I hold thee clasped In a close embrace, Bidding kisses soft and slow On thy sunny face.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

A Friendly Chat on a Number of Subjects of Passing Interest.

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GOSSIP OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Some Things the Gazette Wanderer Thinks Worth Talking About.

Chief Engineer Kerr, of the fire department, sports a brand new button-hole bouquet every day now.

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JUST RECEIVED!

JUBILEE BELLS, GIPSY POTS, TINKER POTS, TRIPOD BASELS, BRASS BASELS, BRASS ORNAMENTS for Trimming, BRASS MATCH SAFES, BRASS TINK STANDS, WOOD and BRASS CABINET and PHOTO FRAMES, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, CUTLERY, PURSES, LUNCH and MARKET BASKETS, POCKET BOOKS.

All the above goods will be sold at very low prices at

WATSON & CO'S., Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

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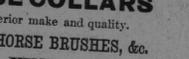
Royal Family Cigarette

We have on hand a fine Assortment

Choice Havana Cigars

Which we sell low to the Trade.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84 KING STREET.



A FULL STOCK OF

Harness of all Kinds,

WORKING OR DRIVING.

—ALSO— HORSE COLLARS

Of a superior make and quality.

WHIPS, HORSE BRUSHES, &c.

T. FINLAY, 227 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

Medical Hall!

R. D. McARTHUR, Druggist and Apothecary,

59 Charlotte Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

FINE DRUGS and CHEMICALS, MATERIA MEDICA, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, SOAPS, COMBS, Etc.

Remedy for Potato Bugs.

I have for sale at Low Rates to Cash Customers

500 lbs. PURE PARIS GREEN

In one pound Tins,

R. D. McARTHUR, Medical Hall, No. 59 Charlotte Street, Opp. King Square.

Nerve and Stomach Tonic.

IT'S JUST THE THING TO HELP YOU.

W. HAWKES, Druggist, St. John, N. B.

110 PRINCE WM. ST.

W. HAWKES, Esq., Druggist, etc., St. John, N. B.

DEAR SIR—Last year I came home from a fishing trip with a fearful Cough, Cold, and took all the medicine I could think of, to no purpose.

I was told that I had Bronchitis, and was done for.

A friend came to see me, and said he would send to St. John for your Balm of Tolu and Wild Cherry, which he had great faith in.

After taking a dose or two the Bronchitis left, and I have not been troubled with it or a cold since.

It was so wonderful in my case that I sent to you for a dozen, and since that I have had several boxes, I believe it to be the most valuable medicine in Canada, having noted its effects in a number of bad cases that have been cured by it.

Yours truly, C. E. BOARDMAN, Milltown, St. Stephen, N. B.

PICTURES FRAMED

With the best MOULDING ONLY. On account of light expense I am prepared to give lower prices on Picture Framing, Looking Glasses, Picture Mouldings, Mirror Plates, and— Fancy Goods, Than any other Dealer in the City. WHOLESALE and RETAIL. Call or write and get our quotations on the above.

W. BRUCKHOFF, 102 KING STREET, Over Mr. Clark's Drug Store.

SAMUEL E. DAILEY,

Gold, Silver and Nickel Plater. MANUFACTURER OF FINE CARRIAGE, SLEIGH and HARNESS TRIMMINGS, ELECTRO-PLATER in all kinds of METALS. Old Tableware Repaired and Replated. Such as Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c. All Orders promptly attended to and Good Workmanship Guaranteed. 227 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

Messrs. DeFOREST & MARCH

having secured the services of a Superior Cutter,

Mr. WM. CHRISTIE, of Glasgow, Scotland, who has had experience in the Old Country as well as in the United States, are now prepared to turn out

First-Class Work in all the Branches of

TAILORING.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

No. 42 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FOR LADIES' EVENING WEAR!



Ladies' Pink Satin Oxfords. Ladies' White Satin Oxfords. Ladies' Cream Satin Oxfords. Ladies' Pale Blue Satin Oxfords. Ladies' White Satin Slippers. Ladies' Kid Slippers.

In endless variety at WATERBURY & RISING, 34 King and 212 Union Streets.

THE SCOTTISH UNION & NATIONAL INSURANCE Co., EDINBURGH.

Speaking of pictures, friend of ours took her four-year-old girl to a photographer. The child couldn't be made to smile.

D. B. JACK, Resident Agent, Room 3, Pugley's Building, Corner Prince Wm. and Princess Streets.

WE TAKE PHOTOS IN CLOUDY WEATHER AS WELL AS ON THE BRIGHTEST DAY. INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.

W. BRUCKHOF & CO., Cor. King and Charlotte Streets, Entrance 75 Charlotte Street.

ESTABLISHED 1840. M. N. POWERS, Coffin and Casket Warerooms, 77 and 79 PRINCESS STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Coffin & Casket Materials OF ALL KINDS. For Sale at Lowest Prices.

ROBT. C. BOURKE & Co., HATS, CAPS & FURS, 63 Charlotte Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF Trunks, Satchels, Bags, Valises, &c. 83 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS.

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Pieces and About a Great Number of Subjects.

HE KNEW HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL. "Well, what on earth do you suppose that old lady up in 1,110 wants now? She has just rung again."

"What difference does that make?" said the circumspect boniface. "It is not a mouse that she wants, it's a mouse trap; get her a mouse trap."

"Well, Harry, what are you doing now-a-days?" "Writing for the Press."

Barber: "Hair's pretty long, sir." Customer: "Yes. Been long for a long time. Soon 'll grow long again. I can get along when it's long 'bout 's well as when it's short. That's just the long and short of it."

"I saw Mrs. B. to-day, papa, and I took off my hat and bowed to her very politely." "I am very glad to hear that. Where did you learn to bow so nicely?"

"Mamma," said a little girl of four, whose father pays very little attention to the dinner hour, "Papa is just like the moon, is n't he?"

QUIETED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER. Speaking of pictures, friend of ours took her four-year-old girl to a photographer.

"Madam, if you will leave the little dear alone with me a few minutes I think I can succeed."

THE REMEDY WORSER THAN THE DISEASE. Mullin—O! hev a chinder in my eye, from th' gas house!

A RISK WORTH TAKING. Amy (speaking of the responsibilities of matrimony)—Would you be afraid to marry on five thousand a year, Tom?

THE FARMER'S SCHEME FAILED. A Wayne county farmer, who had some little time to spare during the drought, went at it and created seven artificial mounds to resemble graves in a field close to the road.

Charlotte Town Girls. (Correspondence Sub.) The average Charlotte town girl is a strongly fortified sort of creature.

She would seem to be susceptible and easy of capture. But when you become acquainted with her you are brought into violent collision with a very different sort of person indeed.

MARRIED WOMEN'S NICKNAMES.

The Odd Ways in Which the Husbands at Saratoga Address their Wives.

SARATOGA, Aug. 27.—When a loungee on the verandah of one of the big hotels at this place hears a man say, "Hurry up, little one," or "Come along, birdie," he may be sure that it is a husband addressing his wife, and that she is enormously fat.

She was Equal to the Emergency. An Atlantic City correspondent writes as follows: As I sat to-day in one of the many comfortable pavilions gratuitously provided for visitors, looking at the thousand different bathers—their figures, costumes, and movements—I noticed a young girl in bathing-dress, with a fancy, grayish, bathing Tom O'Shanter.

People Talked About. Miss Alice Freeman, President of Wellesley College, has resigned her position to marry Professor Palmer, of Harvard.

General Brandreth, Commissioner-General of Subsistence on Governor Hill's staff, is only twenty-eight years of age. He is a son of Brandreth, the famous pill manufacturer, and has a beautiful place at Six Kings.

Prince George of Wales keeps up his reputation as a merry jester. While relating his visit to the Wild West at the Marlborough House dinner table, he insisted on calling Col. Cody's nags, "Bronchitties" and when his father, who doesn't like his sons to make blunders, clinched the point, as he fondly thought, by saying that bronco was the right designation for the little horses at the Wild West, Prince George replied, "Well, bronchitties means a little horse, doesn't it?"

The Crown Prince of Germany, while present at the Spitzhead naval review on board the Queen's yacht, met the ex-Empress Eugenie, who, as the guest of the Queen, was also admiring the magnificent spectacle from that vessel.

The King of the Belgians has lately invested five million five hundred thousand dollars in the purchase of estates in Hungary and Austria. They are nominally to become the property of his majesty's sons-in-law, the Crown Prince of Austria and Prince-Philip of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, but it is generally believed that this step has been taken in view of possible mishaps.

Bill Nye was travelling recently on the Chicago and Northwestern road, when one of the train boys asked him to purchase a book of humorous sketches. Much to his amazement, Mr. Nye discovered that the book was entirely composed of articles from his own intellectual jack-pot, a number of which had been copyrighted. He had never before heard of the existence of the volume.

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Wishing to dispose of all the SUMMER STOCK before September, he has reduced the prices on all the Stock of MENS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING. COME FOR BARGAINS. WM. J. FRASER, One Door above Royal Hotel.

Is offering immense inducement in the way of LOW PRICES — AND — GOOD CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS. MANKS & CO., American and English Fine Felt Hats. SILK DRESS HATS, FINE FURS OF ALL KINDS, 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Maritime Lead & Saw Works. JAS. ROBERTSON, IRON, STEEL & GENERAL METAL MERCHANT AND Manufacturer. OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE, Robertson's New Building, Cor. Mill and Union Streets. WILLIAM GREIG, - Manager. CLARKE, KERR & THORNE. Retail Department, 60 Prince Wm. Street.

Builders' Hardware. In all its Extensive Variety. Constantly kept in stock the newest and latest additions in this branch. CUTLERY, From the leading English Manufacturers. BIRD CAGES, BRUSHES, of all kinds, LAMPS, CLOTHES WRINGERS, BRACKETS, TOOLS, BRONZES, CLOCKS, PURSES, PLUSH GOODS, &c., &c. Great variety in Plated Spoons, Forks, &c., &c. Croquet, Lawn Tennis, CRICKETING GOODS, Fishing Tackle, Gas Globes. AGENTS FOR Archer & Panoram Gas Fixtures, FAIRBANKS & CO'S., Celebrated Scales. CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, &c., Bought in the European, American and Home Markets, and which we are prepared to sell at Lowest Possible Prices. We claim to have One of the Largest Assortments of goods in above lines in the Maritime Provinces. THE LEADING LINES ARE Housekeepers' Goods, In Tinware, Agate Ware, Ironware, Granite Ware, Cutlery, etc., EVERY VARIETY OF GOODS IN ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, In the Latest English and American patterns. We mention Novelties in this Line in Salad Bowls, Brandy Boxes, Casters, etc., in New Designs and Colors. CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

PIANOS & ORGANS, The Best and Cheapest, SOLD ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT. Small Musical Instruments, Strings & Kinds. PICTURE FRAMING, Of all Kinds. Egravings, Chromos, Mirrors, &c. WM. MURPHY & Co., 4 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Branch of Tea Plant.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Lovers of a cup of really fine tea will be glad to know that T. WILLIAM BELL, 88 Prince Wm. Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA, in fact the finest that has ever come to this market, and which he is offering in 6th, 12th, and 20th, caddies.

PUGSLEY BUILDING, COR. PRINCE WM. & PRINCESS STS. DIRECTORY.

Ground Floor—on Prince Wm. Street.

Hallifax Banking Company, M. A. Finn, Wine Merchant, W. Hawker, Druggist, W. A. Lockhart, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

Third Floor—Entrance from Princess St.

1, 2, 3—D. E. Jack, Agt. North British & Mercantile Ins. Co., and Small's Vice-Consul; 4, 5, 6—C. A. Stockton, Barrister, etc.; 7—Herbert W. Moore, Attorney-at-Law, and Stanley Kerstead, Attorney-at-Law; 8—R. G. Kaye, Barrister, etc.; 9—J. Sidney Kaye, Agt. Royal Ins. Co.; 10—James J. Kaye, Q. C. Barrister, etc.; 11—Charles Downey, Barrister, etc., and Master in Equity; 12, 13—H. H. Alpine, Barrister, etc. Master in Equity; 14 & 15—Charles L. Richards, Barrister, Commissioner for State Massachusetts.

Second Floor.

Rooms 15, 16—News Room, C. H. Fisher, Proprietor; 17, 18, 19—C. N. Skinner, Q. C. Barrister, etc. and E. C. Skinner, Judge of Probate; 20, 21, 22—Hastington, Millidge & Wilson, Clerks; 23—Board of Fire Underwriters, Peter Church, Secretary; 24, 25—G. Herbert Lee, Barrister, etc.; 26—Office of Consular Agent of Canada; 27, 28—G. Sidney Smith, Barrister, Solicitor, Bank N. B., and Sec'y of Rural Cemetery.

Top Floor.

Rooms 35 to 45—Occupied by Geo. W. Day's Printing Establishment.

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Mince Meat, Pressed Corned Beef, Pressed Tongue, Sausages, Bologna, Head Cheese, Sugar-Cured Ham, Bacon, Lard, Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Vegetables, &c.

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My whole and well selected stock of 6000 READY MADE CLOTHING can be bought at Greatly Reduced Prices, in order, if possible, to clear my winter stock out before the season closes. Also, a full line of

Gents' Furnishings,

Comprising White Dress Shirts, Underclothing, Overhirts, Trunks, Valises, etc.

I am also making clothing to order from my large and well selected Scotch and English Cloths. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Terms Reasonable.

City Market Clothing Hall,

at Charlotte Street.

INDECISION.

Invariable, unspeakable, whose voice In the soft murmur of this neighboring sea, From the beginning everlastingly In thy own witness, emerge my shores; Even now, by more than half the allotted span Wisely assigned, the recreating years In timorous doubts and too scrupulous fears Have divided sore my little term of man. Must it be ever thus? even to the end Fearing to do aught lest I do the wrong? Shall I my spirit's palsy spend? Or Arise, O God! this hour and make me strong: Let me this hour to fruits, unmy lead One taken in the naples buried long.—The Spectator.

BEATTIE'S APPARITION.

The city was creeping up that way; there was no manner of doubt about that. Indeed, why should one say it was creeping up? It had crept up already. To be sure, there were lone blocks here and there as yet, dedicated solely by a line of curbstones, intersected at right angles by unpaved roads that, after rains, turned into canals of oozing mud, and bestrewed over their quadrangular expanse with ejected tobacco cans, old shoes and such rubbish generally as habitually tenants of these unwholesome houses give over to the frolicsome goat—blocks, in short, which a belated wayfarer in the vicinity of the park would be apt to pass through a more or less rapid pace after 10 o'clock at night.

But other blocks again were, always with gaps and hiatuses of empty lots between, what one might call built up. A semi-rural mode of life obtained with the inhabitants, and a few of the old-fashioned chickens in their yards. Many of these houses were divided into flats, and the separate dwellings brought low rents, as yet. It was a refuge within city limits for long-suffering men who had failed honorably, not being quite abreast of the progressive spirit of the times, and for unambitious young people beginning life—of these there were not many.

Now, a number of these houses—in fact whole rows here and there in the vicinity—were owned by Timothy Pinckney, and it has been said that they brought comparatively low rents. Nevertheless Timothy was well content. He knew that the rents would increase by and by. And he held on to his property and dreamed dreams of the future when it would make him many times a millionaire.

This prospective millionaire, with now more money in his coffers than any one knew, lived in a two-story white frame house whose rear yard contained the rear of some of those very houses owned by him. No one ever saw the inside of that two-story frame dwelling, for the simple reason that Timothy had friends, relatives or acquaintances. He had a daughter, to be sure—a young, plump and black-eyed thing, with long demure lashes, who occasionally appeared at the door when a tinner came around to negotiate exchange of old bottles and rags. But Timothy evidently intended to keep his Bertha's charms safely away from the covetous eyes of gallants. The women of the neighborhood, for instance, the undertaker's wife across the lot—were quite aware that black-eyed Bertha never had a new frock from year to year's end, no "for a new bunnet, neither."

Well, Timothy was a pitiless and pitiful old miser; there was no question of that. And, seeing that he was progressing in years, he ought to have commenced to realize, mark and repent of the evil of his course. But it is so strange a thing that his conscience had given him no uneasiness of any sort this long time past. His digestion was as satisfactory as that of an ostrich, and his thoughts were pleasantly occupied with airy or arduous computations, as the case might be, day in and day out. When he sat at his table, his brain as thus in good condition it is astonishing how little place there remains for conscience in all the human mechanism.

However, one hot night in June Timothy came home not feeling quite so well as usual. The day had been sultry and he had walked about a great deal in the busy marts of commerce down town and in the sun. He had a headache, and it made him cross. But after Bertha had gotten him his supper, and he had no appetite for it, these morbid phenomena made him pensive instead.

"He went out in his back yard and sat down on an overturned barrel and began to breathe the evening air. It was heavy, and compounded of many local and indigenous odors, not all of them pleasant. On one side there was a gap in the wooden rails of the fence. That gap opened out upon several empty corner lots, rocky in places, and gave an uninterrupted view of the ghastly undertaker's emblem by the side of that functionary's dwelling, diagonally across on the next street. Timothy could not see it this evening. It was too dark. But he knew it was there, and the knowledge somehow was uncomfortable.

A more agreeable object of contemplation presented itself in the row of buildings before him, the row which represented a portion of his possessions. But his mind seemed determined to take a new course this evening. His thoughts, starting from the row of buildings, began to travel backward over the years gone by, and the first acquisitions which had marked them. For the first time in—Lord! how many years!—he thought of Beattie. Now, there was no denying that the first of his good luck had begun with his acquaintance with Beattie. Beattie had given him a great deal of good advice. Yes, and he was very sorry that things turned out just as they did with regard to Beattie. Very sorry. But a man has got to look out for himself. Timothy now repeated that assertion to himself, rising in rebellion against this suddenly resurrected pang of a guilty conscience; repeated it with heat. Some people might say that he had ruined Beattie—Beattie, who had been his first friend—and left him to die in the poorhouse; but he, Timothy Pinckney, would always stand up and say that a man must look out for himself first! Must look out for himself!

In the excitement of these unexpected prospects, he remembered, Timothy, who was sitting there in the pure night much longer than he knew, raised up his hand to bring it down with emphasis on his knee. It remained arrested in midair. A trembling seized it. The trembling communicated itself to all his body. A cold sweat beaded his brow. His heart left its normal place and began to thump and flutter horribly in his throat. In a moment more a species of terror gave him a frantic power of locomotion, succeeding upon the first interval of paralysis, and he burst headlong into the kitchen, starting Bertha into dropping a pan she held and causing her to exclaim, as she beheld his blanched visage: "Good Lord o' mercy, father! What is the matter?" "I've seen a ghost," he said.

June went and July came, and with it

days more sultry and nights more oppressively flavored with the odors from the factories across the river. The plump and black-eyed Bertha, poor child, would doubtless have liked to participate in that social life which distributed itself over open thresholds and upon friendly curbstones these breathless nights. But no such innocent delights were exercised in Timothy Pinckney's system of discipline. He believed himself, in early hours, as being an economy in light, and six nights out of the seven saw him already in his room and in his bed before the last lingering rays of the vernal twilight had quite faded out of the sky. expecting, of course, like regularity of hours from his daughter.

Therefore, returning home on one occasion unusually late—the bells of an Episcopal chapel a few blocks distant had just struck 11—his ready wrath was kindled by seeing a feeble ray filtering out from the crevice of the window on the ground floor as he approached his house. It disappeared immediately again, and Timothy supposed that was the way with these girls—that Bertha had grown nervous and crept down and then into the back of the house, the kitchen, and came out by the side door. In accordance with this supposition, instead of applying his latch key to the front door he made a detour by the broken fence and came out by the broken fence surrounding the yard. There had been a good many heavy clouds obstructing the moonlight, so that the night was rather dark. But at that moment the orb shone forth with a sudden silvery splendor, and Timothy distinctly saw some one—something—coming out of the yard.

Now, Timothy had well nigh forgotten the occurrence of that other memorable night. For a few days though he had never tolerated an allusion to it from Bertha, after that one moment of horror struck abandonment had been haunted with an abiding terror, which every now and then sent the cold perspiration running down his back. But that had worn off, and he had not thought of it since. To stand there a second longer had become unbearable.

Then he saw a ray of light shine out from the kitchen window. To make one step toward it would have cost him a fortune. He took a few steps. Something moved in front of him. He wanted to cry out, but his tongue seemed to be glued together like a hen's. Again a sudden burst of moonlight. And this time no mistake, no delusion possible in front of him. He saw a figure, a ghastly white face upon him, robed to the spot, stood Beattie!

Beattie, as he had stolen up to the gap in the fence, had her hand to her forehead as if she were in pain. She looked through it and gazed at him with his startled eyes, and vanished! A low cry of horror came from the house. The kitchen door had been opened. Bertha stood upon the threshold. One second she stood, then she fled to her chamber, and the apparition and threw herself on her father's breast.

"Father, father! Oh, don't look so awfully pale!" she cried, in a hoarse voice. "Sir—Mr. Pinckney," said the apparition, instead, and, for an apparition, it had a wonderfully substantial voice, though one that trembled and quaked. "I can explain everything if you will let me."

"Yes, yes; he can explain everything," repeated Bertha, hysterically. "Yes, sir! Explain, sir! Explain!" demanded Timothy Pinckney, in a hoarse voice. "Who are you, sir? Trampling in my yard at this time of night?" "Mr. Pinckney, my name is Beattie."

"Beattie! I see it's sir! Go on!" "And—and—and—Mr. Pinckney, I—I—I love Bertha and Bertha loves me."

"Look here, young man, if I'm not mistaken, I used to know your father."

"Oh, father," moaned Miss Bertha again. "Don't be a fool!" said the old man sharply to his offspring. "Come in, both of you."

When the trembling culprits stood under the dim light of the tallow stick in the kitchen, Timothy looked Beattie's son over with lynx-eyed scrutiny under his beetle brows.

"Humph! You don't look so awfully like your father all!" "Then—'How long's this thing been going on under my nose?" "We've been together since last winter, Mr. Pinckney, and Bertha promised to marry me then. Only as you were kinder opposed to her meetin' young men, we were kept it quiet, and Bertha used to come out in the yard sometimes."

"While you slunk around the fence, eh?" "Yes, that's the case!" "Oh, father!" came from Bertha. Timothy had been ruminating. He looked up. "You got enough to support a wife?" "Yes, sir!" proudly from the expectant bridegroom. "Well, you can have her."

"Oh, father," said Bertha five minutes later, as father and daughter gained their sleeping apartments upstairs, "what—what made you look so dreadful when you saw Beattie standing in the yard? You looked most—most—as frightened as he did!" "Hold your tongue and mind your business, will you?" said Timothy. "And he slammed his bedroom door. He is still accumulating and rolling up his gains, and neither his conscience nor Beattie have troubled his tough old man since.—Agnes Gifford in New York Mercury.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

DEVELOPING ONE SET OF MUSCLES AT THE EXPENSE OF OTHERS.

Pedestrianism, Rowing, Baseball, Tennis and Running—The Sensible and Physiological Way—Horseback Exercise. Field Sports Very Healthful.

I am a strong believer in physical culture, but physical culture is something entirely different from outdoor sports as they are carried on at present. Americans do not take enough exercise. Many patients that come to the doctor need outdoor exercise more than they do medicine. As some one has said the dyspepsia from which a man suffers is oftentimes more in his legs than in his stomach.

The great difficulty with our sports is that they develop one set of muscles at the expense of the others. A man who trains for a specialty is thinning out the parts of the body brought chiefly into play in that particular sport or recreation. A tennis player trains in one way, a runner in another, while a boatman goes through an entirely different course from either. Each of these athletes is strong in one direction, but he has neglected general muscular exercises for the sake of developing a special locality. It will be found that the man who is physically strong in a special sport is weak in some part of his body. A man, for instance, who intends to be a runner will train to develop the muscles of his legs; but he will reduce the weight of his body above his legs in order to carry less weight.

DANGERS OF POPULAR SPORTS. Pedestrianism is wholesome when indulged in for pleasure, but is bad in contests. The professional pedestrian finally becomes thoroughly broken up; the stomach and general system are exhausted by too much exertion. Rowing is one of the best exercises if indulged in moderately, but an oarsman can row in a contest until entirely exhausted and not know it until he is taken from his boat paralyzed, so to speak.

Baseball is full of danger, especially to the pitcher. So true is this that the "baseball pitcher's arm" as well as the "tennis arm" are recognized in the medical profession as special diseases. The exercise is too violent and soon or later causes overstrain.

Tennis is a violent exercise and is liable to be carried too far. Running is too much of an outburst to be of service in a general way, and is only good on account of the previous training necessary to follow it up. It carries its own remedy with it in the natural giving out of the legs before the rest of the body is exhausted.

Training should bring up the general physical status to a point that will enable it to endure its utmost and with just a little to spare for the push of the urgent moment. There should be just enough strength left to make the finish better, to break the record of the individual, so to speak, and leave him in better physical condition than before.

The sensible and physiological way for a man to take outdoor sports is, acting on medical authority, to develop by special exercises the parts of his body that are weak. If a man has any article in a symmetrically rounded physique he should give his whole attention to the organs that are weak.

HORSEBACK EXERCISE—HUNTING. It is surprising to me that horseback exercise is not more indulged in than it is. Many young men spend enough money on recreation, but they do not seem to keep a horse. I would suggest that for those who cannot own a horse-riding club might be formed. Let the horses be used by the members of clubs just as boats are used by boating clubs. The expense of keeping horses under such conditions, when divided up among members, would be small, and the horseback exercise could be varied with the most vigorous sports in which young men now indulge. In that way the strength of the body would be more equalized. The outskirts of New York and Brooklyn furnish many lanes and roads through beautiful country, and the riders could not fail to enjoy themselves.

I do not know of any outdoor exercise so suitable for men as the sports of the field. Hunting is a healthful and beneficial sport. There is just enough excitement about it to make the exercise you take beneficial. While you are walking you are thinking about something of interest; while your body is being exercised your brain gets a stimulus. Hunting is good for the well and good for many who are sick. I have known invalids sent to the south with the advice that they should "go shooting" to come back restored in health.

The man who combines hunting in the field with horseback riding, as is done in the south, has the best of both worlds; recreation, field sports are for young men; the older ones must be content with fishing or following the rabbit.—S. Fleet Spier, M. D., in The Epoch.

They Both Took Tips. Near Central park there lives a woman who occupies a comfortable apartment and seems to possess a competence. She rises late and has her breakfast sent daily from a neighboring cafe. To the waiter she is liberal, tipping him frequently. Not long ago this waiter, when passing along Third avenue, was accosted by a beggar working the street. She was wretchedly dressed, repulsively ugly and squalid. The waiter gave her a mutilated coin and the beggar thanked him volubly. The next day the woman received the same mutilated coin from the woman to whom she carried breakfast. He was astounded. He could not believe that the woman who tipped in so regal a manner and the wretched beggar of the avenue were one and the same person.

He concluded to experiment. Marking a coin, he took a position on the avenue. Soon the same woman that had begged from him the night before asked him for alms. He gave her the marked piece of money. Two days afterwards he received it from the woman of the apartment when she paid for her breakfast. He then accused her of mendacity. She, discovering that she was cleverly caught, laughed and said: "We both take tips, you and I." The waiter relished the joke. He continues to serve her. She continues to tip him, and to prey upon the public.—The Epoch.

Causes of Fires. Carelessness takes the lead in causing fires in New York city. Out of 706 fires which are recorded in the last quarterly report of the fire department 383 are put down as the result of carelessness. Smokers were responsible for fifty-nine of the fires, and for thirteen, it looks as though the smokers were as much in need of regulation as the dealers in fireworks.—New York Tribune.

THE IDEAL MAGAZINE

For young people is what the people call St. Nicholas. Do you know about it—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful? If there are any boys or girls in your house, will you not try a number, or try it for a year, and see if it isn't just the element you need in the household? The London Times has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Here are some leading features of

ST. NICHOLAS

For 1886-87.

Stories by Louisa M. Abbott and Frank R. Stockton—several by each author. A short Serial Story by Mrs. Burnett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of St. Nicholas. War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Badeau, chief-of-staff, biographer and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single combats or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl took part.

The Serial Stories include "Juan and Juanita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtney Taylor, author of "On Both Sides," also, "Jenny's Boarding House," by Jas. Otis, a story of life in a great city. Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy), and "Recollections of the Naval Academy"; "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas Wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child-Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Margader; "Victor Hugo's Tales to His Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. Townbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorn Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc.

The subscription price of St. Nicholas is \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number. Subscriptions are received by booksellers and newsdealers everywhere, or by the publishers. New volume begins with the November number. Send for our beautiful illustrated catalogue (free), containing full particulars, etc.

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Very little can be done to improve the surroundings of a woman who has not sense enough to use

MAGNET SOAP.

Its washing qualities are unsurpassed. Perhaps you have heard of it a thousand times, without using it once. If you will reverse the position and use it once, you will praise it to others a thousand times. We have spent hundreds of dollars in convincing women that their washing can be made easier by using MAGNET SOAP, but we have fallen short of our ambition if we have failed to convince you.

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OUR LOCAL INDUSTRIES.

A VISIT TO MESSRS. T. CONNOR & SON'S CORDAGE WORKS.

An Enterprising Firm of Young Men who have Conquered Success in the Face of Many Difficulties.

Nineteen years ago Thomas Connor who a few years previous had commenced the manufacture of cordage in a small way died, leaving behind him a widow and four sons. Mr. Connor had been an industrious thrifty man, and his establishment, though small when judged by modern standards, was one of the largest and best equipped in the city. His boys or those of them who had left school had been instructed in the art of cordage making so that when left fatherless they were able to carry on the business. They were fortunate in having a mother possessed of rare business talent and with their own practical knowledge under her guiding hand, were able to increase their business every year. Difficulties had to be overcome, but the young men recognizing that a good article was always in demand, kept on making the best article that could possibly be made out of the best qualities of raw material. This proved the keystone of their success, for notwithstanding the competition forced upon them by larger concerns backed by almost unlimited capital, they were enabled to continue their business long after all other cordage works in the city had been closed down—and this at times in the face of most adverse circumstances. Their modest factory at the marsh bridge, after its size had been increased and steam machinery had replaced that driven by hand, was destroyed by fire. Discouraged but not undaunted the young men rebuilt on a larger scale in Lancaster. For several years they conducted their business most successfully in their new premises still cleaving to their original purpose of making a first-class article. In 1882 they purchased the extensive works of the defunct New Brunswick Cordage Company on Adelaide road. The works had only been erected a few years before and possessed many advantages over the sites Messrs. Connor had occupied before. They had been equipped with the latest modern machinery and were first class in every respect.

Fortune seemed to smile on the young men and everything seemed to augur a great future for them when one cold December night the building took fire and in a few hours the fine machinery and stout factory buildings were a smouldering heap of ashes. Nothing could be done during the winter, but as soon as spring opened the foundations of a marked degree. Mr. John Connor visited the United States and after a careful examination of the newest machinery was successful in making arrangements for the equipment of the building with the very latest inventions in labor saving machinery. Consequently when the new factory was set in motion four years ago it was not only as well equipped as any similar factory in the world, but it was a long way ahead of any of its competitors in Canada. The reputation of the firm as manufacturers of a first class article of cordage had spread through Ontario and Quebec and from the hour they started business afresh, orders have poured into them enabling them to keep continuously at work throughout the entire year, stopping only long enough to make such repairs as are always necessary in large factories. The New Brunswick Cordage Works are without exception the best equipped works in Canada and they turn out the finest qualities of rope of every size. Besides the manufacture of all classes and grades of manilla and hempen ropes, Messrs. Connor have recently added to the list of goods they make binder twine for reaping machines and tallow laid ropes for factories and mills. The latter class of ropes are made under a patent for an Ontario Company who are rapidly introducing their article into mills of every kind to replace rubber and leather belting. It is claimed that ropes of this special make are not only cheaper than either rubber or leather belting, but are also more durable and in many respects better. At all events rope is coming largely into use for transmitting power, and will no doubt in time be a great competitor of rubber and leather belts if it does not entirely replace them in the larger factories where expense has to be considered.

It used to be that all except the smallest sizes of rope was made in the rope walk, but now-a-days only heavy hawsers and tarred ropes are manufactured there. The introduction a few years ago of compound laying and coiling machinery has rendered it possible to manufacture ropes up to five inches by machinery. Messrs. Connor are the only firm having a complete outfit of the latest makes in this class of machinery and the latest improvements mean a great deal. They not only make a better class of goods, finer and better laid than by the old processes, but also greatly improve the appearance of the goods by making the coils neat and uniform in size. It is an interesting sight to witness a dozen of these machines at work making all sizes of rope from 6 and 9 thread up to 5 inch. The bobbins of thread are placed at one end of the machine and as they unroll the strands are first formed and then laid into rope. Besides rope the New Brunswick turns out many tons of binder twine annually. This is a large and growing trade. At present the consumption is practically in the West where the self-binding reaping machines is rapidly driving all competitors out of the market. Over 2,800 tons of twine were consumed during the present season and the estimated consumption for next year is 1,000 tons in excess of that of last year. In this article it is gratifying to note that the Canadian rope manufacturers supply large quantities of binder twine to the farmers of the Western States. Lath ties are also a specialty of the Messrs. Connor and this article which is extensively used in New Brunswick is also largely bought by the saw-mill owners of Ontario and Quebec.

Passing from the factory to the walk, the visitor is shown a building nearly 1,500 feet in length. Rope belts run down on both sides of the building, and supply the power for driving the forming and laying machines. The walk is a double one, having the machinery for forming the strands on one side and for

laying them into rope on the other. The coiling machinery is at the far end. Compared with former times, the walk is but little used, but the increased demand for the manufactures of the New Brunswick Cordage Works in other departments compels them to run the walk at its full capacity for the manufacture of large hawsers and tarred ropes of various sizes. The above gives but an imperfect idea of the manufacture of cordage. As intimated at the beginning of this article, the process is interesting. What only a few years ago had to be done entirely by hand is now done by machinery and better done than was probably by hand labor. By keeping abreast of all improvements in machinery the Messrs. Connor are enabled to manufacture cordage as good as the famous article turned out by New Bedford makers and better than any other maker in Canada. Besides the factory and the walk—which buildings cover a large extent of ground and are considerably over a mile in length—they have a brick building entirely devoted to tarring. This building is provided with steam-heated baths for keeping the tar at an even temperature, and machinery for winding and unwinding the bobbins. So exact has this process become that a given quantity of tar can be put on a rope—that is, it can be thoroughly or only partially saturated, as occasion demands. Within a stone's throw of the tar house is the coal shed, oil and tar warehouse, while at the opposite end of the ground is the warehouse for raw material and manufactured cordage. A visit to this warehouse furnishes conclusive proof that the manufactures of the firm are in good demand, as considerably over two-thirds of the space is stored full of raw material, the other third containing however an assortment of sizes of rope to fill immediate orders.

Messrs. Connor have many other advantages over other concerns, and from the enterprise and business tact and ability they have already displayed there is every reason to hope that their establishment will continue to increase in size. They are all young men yet, and although they have had a business experience of upwards of twenty years the oldest member of the firm is not yet thirty-seven years of age. Their record is one of which any young man might be proud, and one of which their townsmen should also feel a degree of pride commensurate with the enterprise and ability displayed in making and managing so large a business—for the New Brunswick Cordage Works furnish employment for over 150 people. The best possible arrangements have been made to prevent fire. A hand fire engine and a quantity of hose are owned by the firm. They have a large steam pump in their boiler house, and two years ago sunk an artesian well which provides them with an inexhaustible supply of good water. Fire extinguishers are scattered throughout the building and a night watchman is kept on duty throughout the year.

Mrs. Langtry Innovates. (Two Years.) Freddy Gebhardt's treat is a subject of general comment at Newport. It occurred the other evening at the public bar of the United States Hotel, at which he, accompanied by Mrs. Langtry, ordered, before a promiscuous crowd of men, two glasses of a potent concoction, which he and his fair companion deliberately drank. This is an English custom which is not likely to become a general habit among refined folk. Mrs. Langtry has also introduced the unique practice of carrying a sunshade while riding home. She is a very graceful equestrian, an excellent whip, and her riding habits are the envy of all the fair riders at the Branch.

A Pittsburg parson recently delivered sermons under these titles: "How is the Score?" "He held an Ace Full;" "How is the Show?" "Who is the New Girl?" "Has She Just Struck the City?" "Let Us Have a Game of Pool;" "Are You Trying to Make a Mash?"

FACTS. I. Saint John has cooler and more enjoyable summer than any other city in America. II. Feet I, combined with the elevated position and perfect ventilating facilities of the St. John Business College renders study, during the warm weather, as agreeable as at any other time of the year. III. This combination of favorable circumstances is enjoyed by no similar institution. IV. We give no summer vacation. V. Students can enter at any time. VI. We give a fuller course of study than any other business college. VII. Telegraphy is a prominent specialty. Kerr's Book-keeping mailed to an address for \$1.00. Circulars mailed free. S. KERR, Principal.

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Great London & China Tea Co's, No. 33 King Square, COMMENCING—SATURDAY, SEP. 3rd.

And ending the following Saturday. To purchasers of 2 lbs. of Tea we will give a handsome French China Mocha Cup and Saucer, worth 60c. ALSO—To Purchasers of 2 lbs. Tea @ 60c. lb., or 2 lbs. @ 50c. lb., or 5 lbs. @ 30c. lb., we will give a handsome pair of Bohemian Vases, worth \$1.00 a pair. Coffees always Fresh. Sugars at Net Cost.

G. L. & C. Tea Co's, 33 KING SQUARE.

Secretary's Notice.

The undersigned non-resident ratepayers of School District No. 1, Parish of Lunenburg, in the City and County of Saint John, hereby require to pay their respective School Rates, as set out in their names, together with the cost of advertising (6 cents each) within two months from this date, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same:—

Table with columns: Name, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886. Lists names like John Hunter, John Hunter Estate, Martin P. Craft, Thomas Earl, Samuel Earl, etc.

Dated June 1st A. D. 1887. A. H. DEMILL, Secretary.

Palmer's Building, St. John.

HOTELS.

Hotel Dufferin, SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

Royal Hotel, T. F. RAYMOND, Prop'r SAINT JOHN, N. B.

New Victoria Hotel, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. McCORMICK, Prop'r.

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TO LET. Shop, No. 9 Canterbury St., Lately Occupied by R. WELCH, as a Custom Tailor. Also—SHOP, 161 BRUSSELS ST., Suitable for a Jobbing Blacksmith or Horse Shoeing. Immediate possession given. Rent Low. Apply to A. G. BOWES & CO., No. 21 Canterbury St. J. D. McAVITY, DEALERS IN Coal and Groceries. Everybody says that McAvity's Buttermilk is the best in the City. J. D. McAVITY.

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City Market Building, German Street. We have in Stock and are constantly Manufacturing

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In Stock and made to order, Medium and Low priced Bedroom Suits, in great variety.

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We have confidence in your care and method of preparing the same, that you would not allow anything to be done to affect their purity, and we have no hesitation in continuing the use of the same.

SIGNED—

- Henry J. Thorne, Mayor, James Harris, Rev. W. O. Raymond, L. B. Bedford, M. D., S. H. Sherwood, Geo. A. Hamilton, M. D., Henry C. Preston, M. D., Mont. McDonald, R. D. McArthur, J. P. Ritchie, Sam. A. Dixon, Wm. F. Bull, J. T. McKean, Will. R. Robinson, J. T. McKean, Morris Robinson, Thos. D. Henderson, Geo. A. Knodell, David O'Connell, Thos. E. Strack, W. G. Gibson, W. F. Barditt, J. O. Miller, J. Wilson, R. A. Payne, Chas. Ledford, Alex. Clarke, George Key, Alexander Adams, John McDonald, C. N. Skinner, W. R. Moore, Rev. Thos. Marshall, C. C. Foster, F. C. Washington, Morton L. Harrison, Thos. Dale, Thomas W. Estey, J. O. Hannab, J. E. Barnes, Fred. E. Reay, E. E. Kitchin, E. T. C. Kiersey, Thos. M. Libbey, John Jackson, J. Fred. Sullivan, John McLavochian, Andrew McJee, Robt. A. Johnston, M. Hanna, Henry Harvey, John Risk, S. Kerr, Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, Wm. M. Smith, Thos. C. Lambert, Jos. S. Wetmore, T. Parrelow Mott, W. H. Hayward, Rev. Henry Pope, D. D., John Crislerank, Thos. M. Robinson, Chas. C. Ward.

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G. H. Mumm's Dry Verzenay, Extra Dry and Gordon Rouge; Veuve Clicquot, Yellow Label; Piper Heidsieck, etc. and Pils. Louis Dreyfus, Quilke Superieure, etc., etc., and etc. Together with a well assorted stock of other goods which I can confidently recommend to those requiring a pure article as being the finest brands imported. ALSO—Which I am constantly receiving in medium and high grades. M. A. FINN.